

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark green color, framing the central text.

**better together**

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## **better together by eddiewearsgucci (orphan\_account)**

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**Summary:**

"He thinks of how Richie deserves someone who loves and cares for him. Someone who won't make him feel like shit and treat him like garbage and before Eddie can stop himself he's laying down too, pressing himself against Richie's backside, putting his smaller arm around him.

There isn't any reason he can't be that person."

Because even Richie Tozier needs a little reassurance sometimes.

## better together

### Author's Note:

Based on Richie's parents off the general idea I have of them since I've only seen the movie recently and just bought the book to reread again for the first time in forever, so if anything seems off with them that's why and ??? yeah I tried my best.

Eddie Kaspbrak knows a lot of things.

He knows a single sneeze can send around 100,000 germs into the air alone. He knows it's better to cough into the inside of your elbow than your hand. He's aware of the statistic of about 3,600 people a year dying from asthma attacks.

He knows all of this because of the one thing he knows best- what it's like to have a shitty parent who takes shit care of you.

Still, the thought makes a certain edge of denial and guilt stick to him ("I only *love* you sweetie, I'm only looking *out* for you, *you know that*") and he typically lets himself stay blinded by the simple idea almost every young boy has: *every mother loves her child, because that's her job*.

But there are a few times, rare occasions where that one thought will flare up into him so strongly he's convinced he almost hates his mother, and one of those times is when he sees a look on Richie Tozier's face he's never quite seen before.

"Fuck your mom." Eddie's voice is harsh and quick, full of venom and he decides if he can't bring himself to hate his own mom, he'll take it out on Richie's, only because she damn well deserves it.

There isn't even a hint of cockiness to his tone when Richie says "*that's my line*". It makes the anger bubbling inside Eddie rise.

Richie's mom wasn't supposed to be home when Eddie came over, neither of his parents were as per usual.

When they swung the door open earlier, Eddie mid-question of “*but won’t your mom want to know you cut your hand?*” (he’d already known how stupid it was to ask before he finished) the sight of Mrs. Tozier with a half empty bottle wrapped in her own hands was answer enough.

She’d muttered a few things, acted like she didn’t notice either of the two boys standing in her doorway at first. Maybe it hadn’t even been acting at all, maybe she was just good at doing it- and then she’d started to say things, *awful* things---

and before Eddie could even blink she was shoving past the both of them out the door, telling Richie this time he’d better learn not to burn his own dinner when he fixed it later.

“She should know she could get gum disease from drinking so much,” is all Eddie can think to say as he continues wrapping a bandage around Richie’s palm, the result of him getting a little too confident earlier when they’d been skipping rocks together.

He’s lucky Eddie’s a pro at first aid by this point.

Richie snorts. For a second he looks okay again, more like his usual self, pushing his glasses back up on his nose.

“Something tells me she wouldn’t give a shit. Let’s ask the jury.” He starts to make the motions of a referee with his hands, his voice dramatic and exaggerated, “And in this corner we have *common sense*, and in the other we have-“

“Stop it.” Eddie smacks his injured hand back down, but he almost smiles. *Almost*. “I’m not finished!”

“Sorry Doctor,” Richie says, wiggling his eyebrows. “Forgot you hadn’t kissed it better yet.”

Eddie rolls his eyes and turns to put the first aid kit away once he really is done, ignoring the dumb smooching noises coming from Richie. At least it’s better than having to see him look upset, and for a while there it distracts Eddie from his prior fuming.

It’s not until they go to Eddie’s house later that night (Richie deciding

he wants to stay over, Eddie going in through the front door to get past his mom while Richie sneaks in through the back door) that he's reminded of the feeling all over again.

"You forgot to ask your parents if you could stay the night," Eddie says and he knows he's screwed up soon as it comes out and he wants to hit his stupid, idiot self for constantly forgetting not every parent is up their child's ass like a thermometer. Some not at all.

Richie leans over from his spot on Eddie's bed and asks in a high pitched, mocking voice, "Hey ma, is it okay if I stay over at Eddie's tonight?" He cups a hand to his ear, the bandaged one, and listens to the silence. "*Saaame* fucking difference."

It's meant to be another one of his obnoxious jokes, Eddie can tell, but it only makes him frown.

"That's not funny, you know."

And that's when the angry feeling comes back, as he watches Richie lay down on his side on the bed, letting out one of the most defeated and un-Richie-like come backs:

"Whatever."

Before Eddie can say anything else he's interrupted by the sound of his alarm beeping, letting him know it's time to take his pills.

When he gets up to do so he starts to wonder which could be a worse option: having a mother who hovered over you so much it felt like you were being smothered every day of your life, or having one who acted like you didn't even exist.

By the time he's swallowing his pill he decides in that moment he'd rather have a mom who loved him, no matter how smothering, than not at all.

That's the thought that helps him feel a little more braver than usual when he goes back to Richie, still laying on his side and staring at the wall, unusually quiet.

(for someone who constantly tells him to "*shut the fuck up*" he really

hates it when Richie is quiet).

So Eddie does something he might not normally do-he climbs onto his bed next to him and he takes a breath as he thinks of how Richie deserves someone who loves and cares for him. Someone who won't make him feel like shit and treat him like garbage and before Eddie can stop himself he's laying down too, pressing himself against Richie's backside, putting his smaller arm around him.

There isn't any reason he can't be that person.

He's only truly scared for a brief second-when he can feel Richie flinch and tense up against him-but the feeling goes away quick when Richie instead relaxes by his side, still not saying anything.

It only feels right, so Eddie's bravery grows and he grabs at Richie's hand, still the one with the bandage wrapped around it and he hopes Richie understands what he's trying to do through actions that he can't quite say in words.

He likes to think he does, especially when he can feel his hand being squeezed.

Still, the silence feels deafening after a few minutes of sitting in it, so Eddie decides he can at least try at words.

"Just so you know," he says before he can stop himself, "I like being around you."

He's tempted to rip his hand away almost immediately so he can smack himself just for those few simple words.

*Stupid, stupid, stupid*- it repeats in his head like a mantra and he knows Richie will pick on him, tease him, be able to read between the lines of what *like* really means and probably call him a dipshit, say he has cooties or something-

But he doesn't. He doesn't scoff, he doesn't make a joke, he doesn't put on one of his bad accents. Instead all Richie says is, "Thanks."

And Eddie figures the stress piling on him today is worth it for just that.

Things between them fall quiet again, Eddie not wanting to risk ruining anything by opening his mouth anymore. It's a comfortable silence this time, Eddie listening to the sound of Richie's even breathing, just lying there and having his arm around him and thinking of how right it really does feel.

Soon he starts to wonder if Richie's fallen asleep, until the silence is broken once more.

"Hey Eds. What if I farted on you right now?"

The question takes Eddie by surprise, of course, and his initial reaction is to scoff and pull away but it's so silly and the most Richie thing he's said all day. He can't help but laugh, a loud and genuine laugh, and he presses his face into Richie's shoulder to try to quiet himself so his mom won't hear.

From what he can see of Richie's face, Eddie realizes maybe appreciating his humor helped more than anything else he's done yet.

When the silence comes back it stays, Richie falling off to sleep first and Eddie following not far behind.

By morning Eddie's sure they'll go back to their usual routine: they won't talk about anything, they'll start off the day by seeing who can insult the other the best before the sun finishes rising and then they'll meet up with Bill and Stan at the arcade later on.

But for now, he can enjoy it. He can know he's given Richie Tozier something his own parents can't and Eddie can remind himself no matter what he'll at least be there for him.

And he can hope Richie knows the same.

### **Author's Note:**

I really love writing for these two <3 reddie has stolen my heart you guys. if you ever have something you'd like to see written for them, let me know!

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